THE BARTON COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

W. E. STOKE, Editor & Proprietor.

GREAT BEND, - - - - KANSAS.

OUR BABY KING.

Behold our king! Observe his beauty royal;
Hee! on his high-chair throne he sits in state
Surrounded by his subjects ever loyal
Who lovingly upon his pleasure wait.

Although his scepter only is a rattle,
His crown of glory but his golden hair,
In his defense we to the death would battle,
And for his joy no trouble ever spare.

While other kings, so called, may rule a nation,
And often are from pomp and power hurled,
Our household king, in homes of his creation,
Lives undisputed ruler of the world.

All other kings must humbly bow before him,
And yield at once to his despotic sway,
For when he smiles they helplessly adore him,
And when he cries they hasten to obey.

Hail to our king! The angel hosts above him
Are guarding him by night-time and by day,
And heaping blessings—just because they love him—
On us who for his welfare ever pray.

While other kingdoms are and must be bounded
Our baby's kingdom is without an end,
It's name is Home, Sweet Home, and it is founded
On purest love that can not break nor bend.

And there enthroned beside his joyful mother
He reigns complete with innocence and grace
Until in time a little stranger brother
Upon the high-chair throne usurps his place.
—H. C. Dodge, in N. Y. World.

A DAKOTA WEDDING.

The Bride and Groom Not the Only Ones Made Happy.

About two miles due west from my house, in the Red River Valley in Dakota, the ground suddenly rises about five feet, and then gradually falls away again to the prairie level. From my windows I can see a solitary tree growing on this mound or little hillock, and near by is the door of Pete Jansen's "dug-out."

The dug-out is old Pete's only home. He hollowed it out himself in the side of the hill—in the wide stretches of level prairie even such a slight rise attains the dignity of a hill—and he himself fashioned the rude door-frame and fitted the door, and transplanted wild flowers to the "roof."

I was riding by one day, just after the dug-out was finished, and he invited me to go in. So, hitching my mule to the tree, I came down and entered. It was dark inside, even when the door was open; when that was closed there was no light at all—and as for ventilation, well, perhaps the little stope-pipe furnished that. As may be imagined, there was only one room in the dug-out, but then, as Pete said with entire truth, there was only one person. Poor old fellow! I had then heard only indistinct rumors of his story, but that day, at his invitation, I sat down outside his door on the grass, and he soon began to tell me about himself. Here he was living on the wide, wide prairie, with no immediate neighbors, an old man with failing strength—no wonder he was glad to have a sympathetic listener even for one short half hour.

He had in his hand the hammer with which he had just been putting the last strokes on the door-frame, and as he talked he struck the firm sod again and again.

"How long have you been here, Pete?" I asked.

"One year," he said, slowly. "I work on the Tustin farm last summer. This year I say I must haf my own home. So I take this 'quarter section,' and lif here, and work wherefer I can find work."

"Who does your cooking?"

"There is not much cooking," said the old man. "I nefer eat much. I feels too sorry all the times, and when I tries to eat somethings he shall stick in my throat. I feels sorry all the times."

"That is because you live all alone, of course," I said.

"Yes," he replied. "I nefer lif alone in Norway. There I did haf my dear wife and my dear little girl, and I did haf a little stone cottage, all with vines and flowers, and the sun always was shining, and the birds always singing. And then my dear little girl Ola, she sang, too, better as any bird ever lived. I was nefer lonesome then."

The old man paused in his story, and nervously pounded the sod with the hammer. After a moment he went on: "I was fery happy. We was all fery happy. I worked hard all day, and at night times we haf our little table under those green trees, for some supper, and we nefer did get sorry. Well, by and by my dear wife was sick and die. She was fery sick for long times, and I haf to stay at home from work to gif care to her, and spend so much money that when she died I must sell my house.

"So then I must come to America to make some moneys. And Ola she shall come after me. I work all those first summer and get some moneys to bring her ofer, and send it to her. But she nefer haf come."

The poor fellow looked so forlorn that I tried to comfort him.

"She never received the letter, I am sure," I said.

"There was a man he came ofer from those same town, and he say he saw Ola, and she say she hear from me and are coming right away. That are the last I efer hear. I am sure Ola come, but she are lost somewhere. I think I shall nefer see her some more."

I felt sorry enough for the old fellow, and engaged him to come over the next day with his tools to do some work for me. The spring ran on to summer, and the summer to autumn, and Pete was laying in his store of potatoes and pork and wood for the winter.

One day he came over to mend a piece of machinery for me and he had a fine piece of news to tell. He was to have a neighbor—a near neighbor, who had taken the "quarter section" next to Pete's. He was a Norwegian, too; his name was Chris Felsen—and he and Pete had a thousand things to talk over about Norway, and the voyage to America, and the journey across the continent.

"I did wish," said Pete, "that he come from those same town. He haf nefer been there. He haf been liing for three years in Minnesota.

The work on the new dug-out that Chris was building within a stone's throw of Pete's mansion, went on apace. Chris was to have a mule in the spring, and was to "break" part of Pete's land, and in return Pete was to work part of the time for Chris. The dug-out was finished at last, and the two men lived together, first in one "residence" and then in the other. Chris, it appeared, had saved up some money during his three years in Minnesota—not a great sum, but enough to give him a good start in his new home.

I often rode by the two dug-outs, and saw Pete and Chris working together in the field. They were great friends, and were no small help to one another. Chris provided all the food for both, and beyond that neither of them had to spend much money. Chris' plan, as I learned from Pete one day, was to get every thing in readiness for the spring work—his own dug-out finished, a still ruder dug-out made for the mule, the necessary tools and instruments laid in. He meant to buy a mule then, cheap, and keep him over the winter. Very early in the spring—here Pete's voice failed him a little—Chris was to be married.

"I shall be fery lonesome, to lif alone some more," said poor Pete. "I shall haf those new neighbors, but nobody in my own house."

"Perhaps it will be pleasanter than ever," I said, "who knows?"

"No."

"You will have two neighbors instead of one."

"Yes, two neighbors instead of one friend."

"You can go over to Chris' house after the day's work is done, and sit and talk with him and his wife."

"But I shall haf to begin to cook again on my turf stofe."

"Perhaps not, perhaps she will be very kind to you. She will cook bread for you, and she will get you to help her set out vines and flowers, and fence in a little front yard for your two houses, and plant trees."

"Perhaps."

"And if you are sick, she and Chris will take care of you."

"Yes."

"And Sundays, when they drive over to Knudtsen's to meeting, they will take you too, and then you can see some of the people that came from your town at home."

"Perhaps," said the old man. "We shall see when she does come. I rather haf Chris alone for my friend, and not lif all alone in my house."

Chris made a fine bargain for a mule, a large, strong, gentle creature, that belonged to a farmer a few miles west who was "selling out" and preparing to get back to Ohio. And then the winter set in—cold and blustering.

The road Chris traveled in going to the post-office lay past my house. He came by every Wednesday—that, I judged, was the day when his Minnesota mail came in. No rain, no snow, no sleet, no cold, deterred him from traveling three miles on Wednesdays to get his letters. If Jack—that was his mule—could make his way, Chris drove. If not, Chris walked.

He was not particularly communicative, like Pete, and although he often stopped on his way to rest awhile at my barn, he had never said any thing to me of his plans. One day—a Wednesday in April—the snow was three feet deep. The white flakes were still falling slowly and steadily. Chris had passed in the morning on his way to the office, and though it was now past three o'clock and already beginning to grow dark, he had not been seen returning.

"Chris must have decided to stay away to-night," I said to my foreman, as we stood in the barn door, watching the falling snow. "The wind is rising. I dare say he was afraid to risk it."

It grew dark fast and the wind kept rising. The air was full of the flying flakes. It was no longer snowing, but the wind drove the white drifts about like clouds, and it grew colder and colder.

We made every thing snug, and shut ourselves up for the night.

"It is the last storm of the year," we said. "Spring is here, and when this snow is gone the sod will turn green and the trees put out their leaves, and winter will be over."

The wind howled drearily all night. But in the morning it had died away, and the sun was shining warm and friendly, and a few little birds were hopping merrily about on the snow. That was Thursday morning. Friday came and passed, and we heard nothing of Chris. But early on Saturday there came a knock at my door, and who should come in but Pete. The old man was nearly exhausted. He dropped into a chair and said nothing for a moment.

"So Chris went down Wednesday, did he?" I said.

"Yes."

"Did he get back?"

"Yes."

"That same day?"

"Yes."

"Alive?"

"Yes."

"Is he all right now?"

"No."

And then Pete told how Chris had, on that Wednesday afternoon, started for home; of his struggle with the storm, how again and again he fell from sheer weakness, and then rose and fought his way on until he dropped at Pete's door, too benumbed even to knock. There Pete found him, took him in, and had been caring for him ever since, without assistance.

"He is fery weak still," said Pete; "he can not sit up. And he did get a letter on Wednesday from Minnesota. Hilda says she shall be here to-day, and tell Chris to meet her. So he haf to send me."

"You are not fit to walk there," I said. "I'm going down, you can ride with me."

So before long we were on our way. We reached the station half a hour before the train arrived, and it was easy to see that Pete was not sorry to know that help was coming. He went over to the house of the Norwegian missionary to see if he would go back to marry Chris and Hilda, and then we heard the shriek of the engine, and the long train rolled in.

Pete was standing on the platform, his long fur-cap pulled down over his ears, his hands thrust into the pockets of his coat that reached the ground. He was as stiff as an image.

Several passenger alighted, and I was beginning to wonder which of them we were to carry back, when suddenly Pete gave a great shout, dashed among them, and threw his arms about a young girl.

"It are Ola," he cried. "It are my own Ola."

And sure enough it was. The people looked from the car windows and smiled, as the train moved away, and Pete was too much excited to say any thing but "It are Ola, it are Ola."

And no one was more surprised than Ola herself. Hilda had dreaded the lonely journey, and had persuaded her friend Ola to come, too, and keep her company, and make a visit.

We managed to find room for all in the sleigh, and drove to Pete's dug-out, where Chris and Hilda were married. And Ola told how, on her passage over, she lost the one letter she had received from her father, and had no means of knowing his address, and had come on to Minnesota and found work there. And then she set herself to putting two dug-outs to rights.

Chris and Pete are both to build neat little frame houses next year, and their farms are already in fine condition.—Hugh Mitchell, in N. Y. Examiner.

POTATO CULTURE.

Practical Points Discussed by a Successful Market Gardener.

I have before me several inquiries about the best modes of planting Irish potatoes, and I will dispose of them, rather summarily, by giving a review of what I consider the essential points.

1. Prepare the land so thoroughly that the whole depth of the surface soil is perfectly broken up and mellow.

2. Be liberal with fertilizer, selecting a high-grade, special potato manuer (or whatever is thought to answer the particular case best), applying part of it broadcast, and part in the drills above the seed pieces.

3. Strike out furrows three feet apart, running a trenching plow or winged shovel plow repeatedly in the bottom of the furrow without going into the subsoil; then refill the furrows partly before planting, so that the seed will be four inches below the level of the ground,

4. Select varieties known to do well in your particular locality, and use fresh, plump seed.

5. Place a good-sized chunk, with as few eyes as you wish, every six to eighteen inches apart in the row, according to variety (whether dwarf or tall), size of pieces and local conditions; then cover two inches deep, putting the fertilizer on top.

6. When the young plants begin to push through the two-inch covering, gradually fill up the trenches by giving the field a thorough harrowing with the smoothing harrow. Repeat the harrowing once or twice, until the plants are well up.

7. Afterward to keep the surface of the ground between the rows thoroughly pulverized by the free use of the horse-hoe—one with very narrow blades.

8. Prevent injury from potato-beetles, by keeping the vines well dusted with a mixture of Paris green and plaster—one pound of the former to a barrel of the latter—well shaken before taken.

9. At last cultivation, just before the vines occupy the entire ground, use blades that will throw just enough soil upon the rows to choke out what weeds may have started among the plants.—Farm and Fireside.

SALT AS A LUXURY.

An Experience in High Prices That Beats Any Thing Yet Recorded.

"Dr. Hibberd talks about paying three dollars (in California, where the gold fever first broke out) for five pounds of barley to make a feed for his horse," remarked O. L. Divine, a reman of the composing-room of this office, "and of paying three dollars for having his hair cut and being shaved. I have an experience in high prices that will beat that or any thing that occurred during the last war. You remember Bret Harte's story of the 'Outcasts of Poker Flat?' Well, it's a little like that. In the winter of 1854 I was in the mines on the north fork of the Salmon river, in Northern California. The Salmon mountains were covered with about sixty-five feet of snow. No pack-trains could get in to us, and provisions of all kinds were running short. Flour sold as high as two dollars and a half a pound. We were absolutely out of salt, and the men were fairly wild for it.

"Theodore McMichael, of Philadelphia, had a store at the forks of the Salmon, and one day in rummaging about he came across eight or ten small sacks of salt that had fallen behind a partition in his store. The news of the find spread like a prairie fire, and the place was besieged with men howling for salt. McMichael said he would do the best he could to make it go round, and that money would buy it. He began weighing it out by the ounce, each ounce of salt requiring an ounce of gold to take it. Gold was then worth $16 an ounce, so that he sold his salt at the rate of $256 a pound, and every body was satisfied."—Indianapolis Journal.

—The Pension Office clerks (Washington) buy cigars and chewing tobacco of the oldest of the three living relations of General Washington. Colonel Ebenezer Burges Ball, who looks so much like the immortal President that strangers who know nothing of him frequently remark the resemblance. He keeps a cigar stand just to the right of the southern entrance to the Pension Office building. He is a strikingly handsome old man, and wears his long white hair in the colonial style.

CHILD DRUNKARDS.

A Crusade Against Wicked Rock-and-Rye Drops.

"No more rock-and-rye candy, or drops or wine cordial confectionery," is the cry of the different branches of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The crusade has begun, and it will be a relentless warfare. It started at West Chester, and a big constable intends to seize all the rock-and-rye drops, and the dealers will be prosecuted for selling liquor without a license.

In an interview the president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union said: "If we can do any thing, either legally or otherwise, to stop this pernicious practice, it shall be done. We have gone to many of the small retail candy dealers lately and requested them to stop the sale of rock-and-rye candy. Many of them complied with the request, but it is still manufactured and sold in large quantities. Even small bottles of rock and rye are also vended. We certainly do object to this feature of the candy business. Why, all our children will become premature drunkards if it shall be allowed to continue. When once they get in the habit of purchasing such articles at candy stores, they will then take a nip on the sly in some secluded beer saloon.

"Only the other day a lady friend of mine, who has a couple of children, was terribly shocked by seeing them come from school their eyes all afire, cheeks inflamed and cutting the most curious pranks. In great alarm at seeing them so demonstrative and unsteady she asked them the cause of their exuberant feeling. They blubbered out, laughingly: 'We'se been eating rock and rye.' There is a great amount of whisky in this rock-and-rye candy, and it is of such an inferior quality that it easily affects those who essay to eat it. It is a lamentable fact that even candy can not be manufactured without placing some strong drink in it. Just look at those wine cordials that are sold daily to the young by unscrupulous dealers. There is a pretty little port-wine drop to suit the palate of one, there is the sherry drop to please the taste of another, and so on ad infinitum. These cordials ought also to be suppressed. The question to be decided, however, is whether the sale of such candies without a license can be proved illegal. If it can we will fight against it grimly."

"No one can estimate what evil those pernicious drops really have on children," said another member of the Temperance Union. "I have seen them after eating it behave very unseemly. Do you think we can win if we take up this fight? Well, perhaps we can; but still that remains to be seen. The law, like men, is somewhat fickle, and extremely pliable."

The manufacturers of cordials and rock-and-rye candy claim that such action upon the part of the temperance ladies is a species of fanaticism. "Why, if a child could eat ten pounds of rock-and-rye candy," said a well-known confectioner of this city yesterday, "it would not make him or her intoxicated in the least. I admit that there is some little of intoxicating spirits in such candy, but it is very small. I do not suppose there is one-quarter of a thimbleful of whisky in twenty-five rock-and-rye drops. These people can not do any harm to us, and all their talk is mere twaddle."

It is said that the members of the union intend to investigate just how much spirituous liquor is contained in the different kind of drops, and will begin a series of experiments as to the effect that a pound of rock-and-rye candy will have on a person.—Philadelphia Record.

QUICK-WITTED WOMEN.

Verbal Punishment They Inflict on Inconsiderate Members of Their Sex.

The coolness with which a woman will punish a woman is only matched by the celerity of the performance. I saw Mrs. Blaine in this role lately. She was passing down Broadway when she met a lady who returned her quiet smile of recognition by the rudest of I-don't-you-know stares. Mrs. Blaine went on a few steps, suddenly wheeled, passed by her quondam acquaintance, and paused before a store window till the latter came up; then, advancing with extended hand and a bright smile, she exclaimed: "Oh, I beg pardon for passing you without recognition a moment ago; I was lost in thought till too late." The exquisite assurance was irresistable, and the gloves of punisher and punished touched for an instant, when Mrs. Blaine snatched another laurel leaf by adding: "Pray excuse me—I am on the way to rehearsal," and continued her leisurely walk down the street.

Quite as prompt and effective was the action of a thin, keen-eyed woman whom I saw in the millinery department of a big store. Spinster was written all over her face, and a defiance of age was noticeable in the material and cut of her wardrobe. She informed the saleswoman that her bonnet must be bought then and there. She was too tired of shopping to go a step further. The willing but inconsiderate clerk took down a bonnet of sober character, with the remark: "This, I think, will please you; it is very suitable for a middle-aged lady." The spinster quietly requested her to put the bonnet on her own head, which the unsuspecting woman, herself of an uncertain age, promptly did. Then, looking her full in the face, the irate and ancient maiden sweetly said: "It fits you perfectly, perfectly; you were right, it is just the bonnet for a middle-aged person." The saleswoman bit her lip and removed the bonnet in speechless chagrin. She knew her want of tact had cost her a customer. The bonnet was sought for elsewhere.

Not less striking, and somewhat questionable as to good taste, was an instance of this verbal punishment that I saw while lunching at a fashionable restaurant. Two quietly-dressed ladies, evidently strangers, were at a table near me, and both had chanced to call for chicken-pie. Presently two stylish, bustling ladies took the seats opposite, and one reaching for the bill of fare and glancing at the plate of her vis-a-vis, said to her companion: "Did you ever try their boneless chicken-pie?" "No," was the answer, "and I'd rather not, if you please. Nobody in New York but Delmonico can cook chicken. Pie here wouldn't be fit to eat," and her handkerchief sent a perfumed remonstrance to chicken-pie in the very faces of the ladies opposite, who continued their luncheon unmoved, apparently till the new-comers had settled down to tomato soup. Then the blow came from the elder of the chicken-pie consumers in the remark to her neighbor: "By the way, when you go to Delmonico's again try their tomato soup. There's nothing in the city like it. I never touch it since a friend of mind saw a scullion drop his dish-cloth into the boiling pot and then composedly fish it out, with no further comment than that it would color and flavor the soup." Two spoons were dropped, and the white-faced creatures with handkerchiefs over their mouths disappeared in the direction of the dressing-room. "Beg your pardon," said the punisher to her astonished neighbor, "I beg your pardon for addressing you so familiarly, as I crave your absolution from my conscience for the fib I told, but that woman needed a lesson, and I think she has had it."—N. Y. Sun.

HOW GRANT MET DEATH.

His Physician Thinks Him the Bravest Man He Ever Saw.

"The bravest person in the face of death I have ever seen was General Grant," said Dr. Shrady in a recent interview. "General Grant in his last illness was an example of a man who could face death without fear. Grant was a man who had faced death many a time and had schooled himself to expect it.

"He was prepared in every way for it, and I think that every thing that has been said about his bravery and his firm determination to be a hero to the very last has not been exaggerated at all. To one who saw him during his trial—and it was one of the most severe trials any one could have—he appeared to be the typical hero.

"He was the type of a thoroughly well-educated man, who, like all educated men, did not expect impossible things to occur, and knowing that he had to die, he faced it bravely. He said to me one day:

"'I have been thinking of taking this journey all my life, and now that the time has come I am ready to start.'

"This was the only reference I ever heard him make to his approaching end.

"His great idea was to be free from pain if possible, and he asked me if it could be guaranteed, thus showing that his mind was fully made up to the inevitable character of the disease and the end that was to come. I assured him that it was quite possible, and we kept our promise.

"He died without pain, which was his reward. He faced the music like the grand old soldier that he was.

"He was no doubt buoyed up by the sympathy of his friends. He would sit and look off in the distance in a sad and dreamy sort of way, which impressed those about him with the fact that his thoughts were beyond the line of time.

"To sum up, he was a type to all the world of how a man can meet death with calmness and bravery."—N. Y. Journal.

PITCAIRN ISLANDERS.

The Stalwart Descendants of a Gang of Mutinous Sailors.

When the clipper ship L. Schepp was beating down in the trade winds in the dreary waste of the South Pacific ocean, on her way from San Francisco to Philadelphia, Captain Gates was much surprised to find, on coming on deck one morning, a boat-load of stalwart men approaching his vessel. An island was seen a short distance off the starboard bow, and on the boat getting within hailing distance an aged and decrepit man in the bow shouted: "I am Thursday October Christian, Governor of Pitcairn Island."

He said that the population of Pitcairn consisted of 115 men, women and children. Captain Gates ordered the yards aback, and in a few minutes eighteen men were on the ship's deck, all of whom bore evidence of English ancestry. They were extremely religious, and held exclusively the teachings of the Seventh-day Adventists, the result of the work of a missionary who was wrecked there years ago while bound from San Francisco to China.

The Governor stated that he was the grandson of one of the mutineers who, in 1789, set adrift the officers of the English war ship Bounty, and then bore away for the island of Otaheite, and had lived for years there before being discovered. They were afterward arrested and sent to England for trial. The Governor said that the use of tobacco and liquors was entirely unknown among the people of Pitcairn, and that the little colony were in need of dress goods, particularly for the women, as nearly all of the latter were dressed in men's clothes, secured from passing vessels. A supply of clothing was given, and an abundance of fruit and provisions was sent on board the ship in exchange.—Philadelphia Letter.

Overcoats Made of Paper.

"If the clothmakers don't get that man up in the Northwest who has invented paper clothing into a trust by next winter he'll make a big fortune, and millions of overcoats will stay in the pawnshops, where they are now," said Harry Parker. "He hasn't got the idea worked out yet as far as he will probably go, but he made enough vests and underclothes last winter to create something of a panic among the St. Paul clothiers, where he made his first business experiment on a big scale. The paper is prepared so that it is as soft as cloth, and the cold can not penetrate it. My father is engaged in an open-air occupation, and likes to experiment, so he got one of these vests and wore it with no overcoat all last winter with great comfort. Next winter he says he intends to come out on the streets in a full suit of it."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

GOOD FORM OF TO-DAY.

How It Differs from That of the Past in Various Important Respects.

In a little book just published, entitled "Good Form," the etiquette of some few years ago is amusingly contrasted with that of to-day, when every thing is more succinct and expeditious than it used to be.

When the ladies of John Leech's time went to dinner parties they were shown into bed-rooms and allowed some minutes to adjust their ringlets. Now they hand their cloak to a servant and walk straight from their carriage or cab to the presence of their hostess. At weddings in "the '40s" each bridesmaid had a groomsman to look after her and see that she had what she liked at the elaborate breakfast of the matrimonial function of that day. Now there is only a "best man," though how he comes by the superlative adjective when he is sole groomsman it is difficult to say. Among other changes of custom is that concerned with the bridesmaid's dresses, which used to be given by the bride. And our authoress might have added that it was no longer fashionable, as it then was, for the bride to cry. All weddings nowadays are dry-eyed. Crying has "gone out." It was the very height of the fashion in the year 1827. When Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton married Miss Rosina Wheeler an eye-witness of the ceremony describes both bride and bridegroom as being "overcome with sensibility; pale, tottering and tearful." No one totters to the altar now. It would not be "good form." But the bride must not, on the other hand, romp up the aisle in the exultation of her heart. The correct pace is, perhaps, best described as resembling that of a policeman on his beat. It is slow and stately.

Another marked change in social customs is mentioned in connection with the etiquette of "small and early" parties. No longer does a hostess ask her guests to sing or play. This ordeal, so dreaded by the girl of a couple of decades ago, is no longer to be feared. "I hope you have brought some music, Miss Smith," was frequently the prelude to a distracting performance that gave pleasure to no one, least of all to the player. And, strange to say, now that music is always professional and generally worth listening to, it is difficult to persuade people to remain silent while it is going on; whereas, when amateurs were singing, it would have been considered a shocking piece of rudeness for any one to have talked till the lady had finished describing how she wore a wreath of roses, or the gentleman had finished dilating upon his homeless, ragged and tanned condition.

At the dinner table it was considered the duty of the host and hostess to urge their guest to eat. This custom in our own day is entirely abandoned, partly owing to the now universal style of having all dishes handed round. The board no longer groans as once it did, the weight of the viands being transferred to that chapel of ease—the sideboard—where, in seclusion, a hireling carves the joint and skillfully dissects the bird whose anatomy used to prove such an intricate problem to the bothered amateur at the end of the table. Skill in carving is not now one of the polite accomplishments wherewith it is necessary to equip a youth for his social career. Till now etiquette books have been only unintentionally amusing, but the present writer treats her subject with a sense of humor that makes it easy reading. —London Daily News.

THE FASTEST TRAIN.

Experience of the Train That Ran Away at 110 Miles an Hour.

The papers of the country recently contained a dispatch to the effect that a runaway train on the Duluth & Iron Range railroad attained the frightful speed of 110 miles an hour before being wrecked. An interesting account of the wild ride is given by Superintendent Sydney T. Pope, of the road, formerly a Boston man. He wrote to a friend as follows:

"I had been up the road the day before, and coming back had my car hitched on the rear of the ore train. All the cars had been newly equipped with air-brakes, which worked all right until we reached the big hill which extends back from here (Two Harbors, Mich.) about twelve miles. When we were about three miles from the summit the air gave out and the train ran away. I was asleep at the time it started, and when we had gone about three miles the conductor woke me. We were going then faster than I ever rode before, and knowing that the train was sure to leave the track soon, we cut off our car. As soon as we set our brakes the train was out of sight like a flash. We followed up slowly, and in about twelve miles found them in a ditch. The cars evidently left the track first and dragged back on the engine, stopping her without throwing her off the track very badly. The fireman and head brakeman, both of whom were on the engine, were not even scratched. The engineer had one leg broken, but is doing well. It is a wonder that the engineer was not killed, as the rods on the engine broke and smashed the cab almost to pieces. He thinks he fell through the bottom of the cab just as the engine left the track. The machinery of the engine is, most of it, literally burnt up, owing to the friction of the great speed, and the engineer says that the last part of the way the lower part of the engine and the track looked like a streak of fire. Of course it was only a guess, but I don't think the statement made that the train was running 110 miles an hour was much of an exaggeration. Two-thirds of the cars were a total wreck. If the speed was 100 miles an hour and the train went but one mile and a half after the car was cut off, it may be called a close call for the occupants of the car."—Boston Letter.

—One of the interesting relics sold at the auction of the furniture of Barnum's Hotel, in Baltimore, a few days ago, was a card table on which Henry Clay once lost $1,500 at poker to Gen. Ashmun, of Massachusetts.

HOME AND FARM.

—Young clover eaten when wet is fruitful of bloat.

—A mess of cooked meat, chopped, is an excelent food for the hens, in order to promote laying.

—The quickest way to fatten an old cow is to confine her in a small yard and give her all the ground grain and hay she can eat. She should be gotten in condition in as short a time as possible.

—A craze for taking flowers to school recently sprung up among children in Athens, Ga., and eventually resulted in so much extra work for the janitors that an order excluding flowers from class rooms had to be issued.

—"I never go by the calendar or newspapers," says the best of naturalists, the hale old farmer. "I try seed corn in the trial pans, have my ground fitted, and when I hear the bobolink laughing up in the meadow I put it in the ground."

—Young weeds and grass come up after each rain. No matter how often the ground may be cultivated there seems always to be a few more seed of weeds left, and they germinate at intervals during the season. To destroy them run the cultivator over the ground after each rain.

—Potatoes browned with the roast beef make an occasional pleasant change, and this is an especially good way to prepare new potatoes. Parboil them for about fifteen minutes in salted water, drain and bake until brown and tender, turning once or twice. They will require about thirty minutes to bake.

—Instead of filling bread pans, oatmeal kettles, and dishes of that kind with water, that they may soak before they are washed, an easier way is to wet them thoroughly, then turn them upside down on a flat surface. In a little while they can be cleaned easily, and you have saved yourself the trouble of carrying water to pour into them, only to be poured out again and carried away.

—"Each for the other, and either for both—" certainly applies to money-getting and money-spending, as to every thing else in domestic life. There is no hard-and-fast rule for the household purse, which applies to every family—differing circumstances cause different arrangements; but no wife should be obliged to ask—perhaps to beg—for money with which to meet legitimate expenses.—Rural New Yorker.

—Cympote of Cherries: Take a quart of early red cherries; boil three-quarters of a pound of sugar until it candies; drop the cherries into the sirup; let stand five minutes; then return to the fire; let boil gently until clear; take out the cherries with a skimmer, lay them in a dish; add a small teacup of red currant juice to the sirup; boil until very thick; pour over the cherries when nearly cold.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

—For packing away furs and winter clothing during the summer, Good Housekeeping advises the purchase of a number of paste-board boxes, such as tailors use in delivering clothing, packing the articles in them, and gumming a strip of wrapping paper around the edge of the cover so as to leave no crack. But all clothing should be thoroughly shaken and aired before shaken and aired before packing away, and special care should be taken that moths do not get at them while they are being aired.

POISONOUS WALL-PAPER.

Some New Facts Prescribed by the Boston Medical Improvement Society.

The subject of poisonous paper-hangings has lately been discussed, in the light of some new facts, by the Boston Society for Medical Improvement.

Some of the important papers still contain arsenic in quite dangerous amounts, and even American manufacturers, though they use less arsenic than formerly, are not yet wholly within the limits of safety. It is found that one-third of a grain to a square yard is decidedly deleterious; but papers are in use that analysis shows to contain ten, fifteen, and even twenty grains.

The following are important facts in the case:

1. The harm varies, as would naturally be supposed, inversely with the individual's power of elimination. This power may be fully adequate in some persons, and quite inadequate in others.

2. The symptoms of two persons injuriously affected by the same exposure and the results may be quite different. Inflammation of the kidneys for instance, may be induced in the one, and not at all in the other.

3. Arsenic may not give rise to the ordinary symptoms of arsenical poisoning, but may stir up and strengthen dormant, morbid tendencies, and thus divert attention from the true disturbing cause.

4. While one-third of a grain to a square yard is likely to harm an adult, a young child may be injured by a mere trace, and the cause of the trouble may be wholly unsuspected.

5. While arsenic is not a cumulative poison, like lead, yet it is very slowly eliminated from the body. It requires weeks, and sometimes even months, to effect its complete expulsion after removal from an arsenious atmosphere. Hence inhaling it constantly, perhaps day and night, may cause a very dangerous accumulation of the poison in the system. This accumulation will be very rapid if the organs of elimination, one or more of them, are feeble.

6. A new and conclusive method of detecting the presence of arsenic in the system has been discovered, which leaves no room for doubt. This test has been applied in many cases, and has led to the removal of the paper from the wall, or of the patient from the room, followed by relief, and, in due time, by full cure.

7. The covering of arsenical paper by non-arsenical is not sufficient to remove danger, for though this expedient may prevent the arsenical dust from impregnating the air, yet it is surmised that moisture develops a volatile arsenious compound, which readily finds its way into the air of the room.—Youth's Companion.